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My Secret Life: Behind the camera.



👁 152 ✓ 2 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by Hope Ingram

“Arrghhh,” I let out a yell of frustration. Why couldn’t I let it go? I’d only been dating the guy for a few months, as Jenny had pointed out during our tearful conversation earlier. Well, tearful on my part, Jenny had been surprisingly unsurprised by Greg’s revelations. Apparently she’d been able to tell from the beginning that he wasn’t that into me, that he wasn’t playing for keeps, that he was just playing for fun. /And you’re not even that fun/, had been his final insult before I’d stormed out. Why couldn’t I just get over it? And why was I still bloody lost in the middle of nowhere?

Just as I had that thought I rounded the corner of a huge hill that I’d been skirting for some time, so huge I wondered if it was actually a mountain. ahead of me lay a cluster of buildings, Civilisation! At last! I’d really started to think that I might be about to find myself in some kind of The Hills Have Eyes horror situation – it would certainly have been a fitting ending after the day I’d had! The settlement that that my little car was trundling towards wasn’t exactly a vast metropolis, maybe just about big enough to be considered a village. But all I really cared about in that moment was that I could see lights in the growing darkness. Lights meant people, warmth, and food!

Chapter 2 by AMKB

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As I drove along the wind whistled in my ears, the road ahead of me seemed to have a sign but to no avail. Surely the place couldn’t be that far off. I’d been told it was a small town, though, there was no doubting that. For a moment my anger subsided as I took in the quaint stone cottages set

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against a backdrop of rolling hills silhouetted against the indigo twilight sky. I passed a spattering of cozy looking homes, a church, a general shop, and a pub. The Moon and Stars looked extremely inviting, not just because of the blackboard outside declaring home cooked winter warmers. I sighed with relief when I noted another sign declaring that there were rooms available for the night. Phew! I would at least be able to hole up here for the night rather than getting myself even more lost in the dark wilderness, and make a fresh start in the morning light after figuring out my whereabouts. I had the number of the guy who'd rented me the cottage, I would just call and let him know to expect me in the morning instead.

I pulled my little car into the small parking area at the front, grabbed my handbag, and climbed out, stretching my aching limbs gratefully after the long drive. The cold hit me immediately. Sure, it had been cold in London, but it felt at least ten degrees colder here, and it was a biting, raw kind of cold. I wrapped my coat around me tighter and hurried towards the front door, noting that there were only a couple of other cars parked outside.

The pub was just as inviting inside as its exterior had suggested.

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